AN

ACCOUNT

OF

The triumphant Death of *F. S.*

A

Converted Proſtitute,

Who Died *April* 1763, aged Twenty-ſix Years.

By the Rev. *MARTIN MADAN* Eſq;
Lately an eminent Counſellor at Law but now as eminent and able a Miniſter of the New-Teſtament in *London*.

In a Letter to a Friend.

Jeſus Chriſt the ſame Yeſterday to Day and Forever.----

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An ACCOUNT, &c.

DEAR SIR,

AS you wanted to see an account of the person I mentioned to you when we last met set down in writing, I comply most readily with your desire, and send it you as follows.

THIS young woman was the daughter of a gentleman in the army, had a genteel and liberal education, but was reduced by various distresses to great poverty and want. One who had known her in her more prosperous days, took advantage of her indigent circumstances, and by many fair promises, and acts of pretended kindness, drew her into a criminal intimacy with him; she was with child by him, and for some time after she was delivered he contributed something towards the maintenance of the child; but growing tired of her, he left both child and mother without doing any thing farther for them.

F. S. had a mother with whom she lived, but who could by no means support the expense now thrown upon her. Various were the ways by which *F. S.* was endeavouring to maintain herself; having a genteel person, a good voice, and a lively genius, she went upon the stage at the little theatre in the *Hay-market*; after this she strolled with players about the country, but meeting with many disagreeable things in this way of life, she quitted it, and went to work at her needle: this expedient too failed her: after which she went upon the town, and turned prostitute. While she was in the midst of all her wickedness, she had strong remonstrances from her conscience, insomuch as to occasion many tears to flow from her eyes; conviction of sin pursued her where-ever she went: she would walk out into St. *James*'s Park, set herself down upon

upon a bench, & there weep for a conſiderable time together; and when ſhe has had men come to her lodgings, ſhe has made herſelf drunk to get rid of the terrours and anguiſh of her mind; but this would not do; this ſin added to the reſt ſtill diſtreſſed her more, till ſhe was abſolutely driven from her lodgings, reſolving to take ſhelter in the *Magdalen houſe*. She continued there about three months, when ſomething happened which occaſioned her leaving it. Going from thence ſhe looked back upon her paſt life with the utmoſt abhorence, and was reſolved rather to periſh with want than to return to it again. She therefore ſold the few things ſhe had, leaving herſelf but bare neceſſaries, and determined to go into ſome part of the world where ſhe was not known. She went into *Kent*; and it being hay-time, ſhe hired herſelf to a farmer near *Canterbury*, who employed her amongſt his hay-makers for 10 *d.* a-day. Here ſhe often reflected with pain and bitterneſs of ſpirit on her paſt life, yet thanking and praiſing GOD, who had convinced her of the errour of her way, and by his providence and grace had delivered her from it. She comforted herſelf, that though ſhe fared but meanly and laboured hard, yet ſhe was eating the bread of honeſt induſtry. When the hay-harveſt was over, ſhe was diſmiſſed the farmer's ſervice, and proceeding to *Canterbury*, ſhe got a place in a tradeſman's houſe. Here ſhe lived till by exceſſive hard work, being of a delicate and tender frame, ſhe caught a violent cold, which proved the beginning of her laſt illneſs; for it ended in a conſumption, which in about four months brought her to the grave.

When diſmiſſed from her ſervice, ſhe ſoon conſumed the little ſhe had ſaved in the neceſſaries of life, and was then reduced to beggary. One day being at the cathedral-prayers, (which ſhe conſtantly attended) ſhe was obſerved to weep very bitterly by one of the clergymen that attended there; after ſervice was over, he called her to him, and ſaid, "Young "woman, what or who are you?---You ſeem very ſorrow-"ful." Said ſhe, "Sir, I am a poor girl heavy laden with "my ſins, and I deſire to lay them at the REDEEMER's "feet."

" feet."---" You ſeem very poor," ſaid he. " Indeed, " Sir," ſaith ſhe, " GOD knoweth I am poor in body and " in ſoul." He gave her money, and bid her come to his houſe every day for victuals. This ſhe did for ſome time, till finding her diſorder increaſe upon her, ſhe reſolved to return to *London*, that ſhe might ſee her mother once more before ſhe died. Accordingly ſhe ſet out, and, under every circumſtance of poverty, pain, and ſickneſs, reached *London*, where, by the aſſiſtance of a former acquaintance of hers, ſhe procured a wretched lodging at ſixpence a-week: here ſhe lay about a week deſtitute of every help proper for her caſe; and thinking herſelf near her diſſolution, ſhe ſent for her mother, who came to her, and found her in the condition above deſcribed. The utmoſt pity and compaſſion ſeized on the mother's heart, which made her inſtantly forget ſome differences which had ariſen between them; a chair being brought, ſhe was carried home to her mother's houſe, and laid upon a bed from which ſhe never roſe more.

The interval between her coming to her mother's houſe and her death, was about a month, during which time, at her and her mother's requeſt, I viſited her. I had known her in the former part of her life before all her diſtreſſes; and, not having ſeen her for many years, was, as you may eaſily imagine, under much concern to find her in ſo different a ſituation from what I had remembered her in former times; but my concern was ſoon abated, and my utmoſt wonder excited, by the teſtimony ſhe bore to the power and love of GOD our Saviour. She acquainted me with the ſeveral circumſtances of her paſt life before recited; adding withal, " O, Sir, I abhor myſelf --- I abhor my polluted body, and " my more polluted ſoul.---I am the filthieſt wretch upon " this earth---but there is mercy---that holy and immacu-" late JESUS knows my ſorrows, and ſees my deep miſery." Said I, " Do you believe him able to ſave you?" " Yes," ſhe ſaid, " I believe one drop of his blood can quench a thou-" ſand flaming worlds." " You believe he is able but do you " believe he is willing?" " Willing!" ſaid ſhe, " he had no

" errand

" errand upon earth but to ſhew his willingneſs to ſeek and " ſave that which was loſt; my faith in him is like a ſtrong " cable fixed to an immoveable rock. If the Lord pleaſes " to make me an example, and therefore continues me here " in the violent pains I now feel, ever ſo long, I am willing, " I am ready to ſuffer it all; but ſhould he pleaſe to releaſe " me, death hath loſt its ſting, and now death ſhall be my " life."

I came again to ſee her the next day. I aſked her how ſhe did; ſhe ſaid, " My body is weaker, but my faith is " ſtronger---I am in pain all over, my head, ears, and " bowels are racked; but my heart dances within me." Turning to her mother, ſhe ſaid, " Madam, look on me, " I am dying, but ſee how I am comforted; let me have " no tears I beg: look on me be ſure when I die; when " you ſee the laſt breath go from me, clap your hands, and " ſay, ſhe is gone to glory." Putting her hands and arms out of bed, which were now reduced to ſkin and bone, ſhe looked upon them with great earneſtneſs, and at the ſame time tranſport in her countenance, and ſaid, " This is a " delightful ſight, no beauty can compare with this anato- " my: theſe old cloaths of mine are worn out, but I ſhall " ſoon be cloathed afreſh." One ſtanding by repeated *Job* xix. 26. " Yes," ſaid ſhe, worms ſhall deſtroy this body, " but no worm can touch my ſoul." One of her old companions ſtanding by, who hearing ſhe was ill came to viſit her, ſhe thus admoniſhed her: " Look on me, I am a young " woman, and am dying; ſo are you, though you think not " of it: let me entreat you to avoid the pernicious ways we " have walked in, and may the goodneſs of GOD to me pre- " vail on you to turn to him, and turn no more to folly." " O," ſaid ſhe, " that all my ſins were written, that all " the world might ſee the blackneſs of my crimes, and de- " teſt them-----O that the mercies of CHRIST to my ſoul " were written alſo, and that that might turn their hearts--- " How tenderly has he dealt with me a poor ſinful worm!"--- One obſerved ſhe had deep obligations to him: " O yes,"

ſaid

ſaid ſhe, "I am obliged to him for ſparing me in my ſins, I "am obliged to him for my diſtreſſes, for my pain, for this "ſick-bed, this delightful ſick bed, I would not change it "for all the world; but how above all am I obliged to the "bleſſed LORD, for calling me by his grace, and delivering "my ſoul." Her great thankfulneſs to all that came to viſit her, was alſo an indication of her unfeigned humility, ſhe not only thanking them for their kindneſs, but noticing at the ſame time how unworthy ſhe was of any favour at all.

Being a good deal ſpent with ſpeaking, her voice failed her, ſo that ſhe could not be heard at any diſtance from the bed; but I ſat cloſe by it, and could hear her in broken accents ſay, "O what comfort---what pleaſure in dying---O "holy immaculate Lamb of GOD, how is it that thou canſt "look upon ſuch a ſinful wretch as I am?"

Another time ſhe ſaid, "Mother, do not be a coward, do "do not weep for my happineſs." "How can I give you "up?" ſaid her mother, "my burden is great." "Do "like me," ſaid the dying penitent, caſt your burden upon "CHRIST, and he will bear it for you."

She ſaid ſomething of unkindneſs ſhe had met with in the world, but added, "GOD bleſs them, I freely forgive them "all: I was hungry and they gave me no meat, thirſty and "they gave me no drink; but the bleſſed JESUS will not "let the pooreſt meaneſt lamb in his flock want any thing "that can do them good." She then broke forth into "ſinging,

The Lord my paſture ſhall prepare,
And feed me with a ſhepherd's care;
His preſence ſhall my wants ſupply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon-day walks he ſhall attend,
And all my midnight-hours defend.

And

And then,

Tho' in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrours overſpread,
My ſtedfaſt heart ſhall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me ſtill:
Thy friendly crook ſhall give me aid,
And guide me thro' the dreadful ſhade.

"And ſo it ſhall," added ſhe, with an earneſtneſs and "tranſport not to be deſcribed.---"Why," ſaid I, "you "turn preacher, you are preaching JESUS CHRIST to us "all." "Preach!" ſaid ſhe, O that I could preach to all "the world, and tell them how gracious the Lord is---preach "JESUS CHRIST! What elſe can I preach?---what elſe "can any one preach who knows him?---JESUS, JESUS, "O that name! that ſweet name is life to my ſoul: I truſt "that name will dwell upon my unworthy tongue as long "as it can move within my lips." She then again broke forth into ſinging, and ſang,

Praiſe GOD from whom all bleſſing flow;
Praiſe him all creatures here below;
Praiſe him above, ye heavenly hoſt;
Praiſe FATHER, SON, *and* HOLY GHOST.

Thus did this young creature lie on her ſick-bed, praiſing and bleſſing GOD, and filling all that came to ſee her with wonder at the triumphs of her faith over the enemies of her ſoul.

Another time I came to ſee her, and ſhe had had a great conflict with the enemy, who ſeemed to have thruſt ſore at at her that ſhe might fall, but ſhe was more than conqueror. She ſaid to me, "O, Sir, it ſeemed to me as though a legion "of devils have been ready to ſeize me, but glory be to GOD "they cannot touch me; no, no, my ſins have been repre-

"ſented

" ſented to me as black as a ſackcloth of hair, but the blood " of CHRIST hath waſhed me whiter than ſnow."

From this time her bodily ſtrength being almoſt exhauſted, ſhe lay without being able to ſpeak as ſhe had done; but her countenance ſpake with moſt forcible eloquence the tranſports of her ſoul; and when the happy moment of her diſmiſſion came, her mother was near her, and obſerving her lips move, and putting her ear near to her mouth, heard her whiſper, " Holy, holy, holy Lord GOD of Sabaoth, into thy hands I commend my ſpirit!" She then fetched a ſhort ſigh or two, and died without the leaſt ſign of pain.

I leave this plain narrative in your hands; you will make, I doubt not, ſuch obſervations as are ſuitable to the nature of ſo intereſting and delightful a ſubject.

May our latter end be like hers! ---

I am

Yours, &c.

M. M.

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